

The Boston Weekly Globe.

VOL. X.—NO. 1.

THE LONG TRIAL.

The Patience of the Court at Last Worn Out

By the Blasphemous and Irreverent Conduct of Guiteau.

The Assassin Placed in the Dock.

Judge Cox's Decision Received With Great Favor.

Lively Scenes at the Trial of the Celebrated Case.

District-Attorney Corkill was Late

This morning, and it was long after the advertised time when proceedings were resumed. The assassin arrived early, but looked pale and haggard. He said he had passed a bad night, sleeping but little, and that he felt weary and feverish. He ate but little, and it was evident that he was much fatigued by excessive use of morphine which was incarcerated in the cell next to that in which Guiteau sleeps. The maniac shrieked most of the night, and at one time rang the bell for help, and then slept. Guiteau, a tall man, asked what the matter was. He told him a lunatic was in the next cell. "Well," said the assassin, "I desire to call your honor's attention to the motion made by Judge Cox on Saturday, to remand the defendant to the district attorney's office." "That is the truth," shouted the prisoner.

"Now here is a man under trial," proceeded counsel, "whose sanity is one of the issues in the case. I desire to call your honor's attention to the fact that he has ample warrant for a little wholesome severity. An eye-witness said this evening that he believed the ladies present were threatened to have torn the prisoner to pieces if they could have got their hands on him."

The Fact That He Is Sane

In respect at least to his conduct and behavior in court.

"That is the reason I appear as my own counsel," broke in the assassin.

"I think your honor," said Guiteau, "that a man who is here as his own counsel, as he says, ought to be treated as sane in respect to decent conduct."

"I am decent," shouted Guiteau, excitedly. "It is your side that is decent."

"I am not," continued Guiteau, not heeding the interruption and speaking with unusual emphasis.

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His Definition of Insanity

He also showed that Worcester and Webster differed from MacDonald. Worcester and Webster were ruled out. Dr. MacDonald was asked whether he was not discharged from the Charity Hospital, New York, because he had given a false certificate of health to William M. Tweed. He denied it, and said he had been discharged from the outside, through calumnies of the senses. Witness did not believe in hereditary insanity. As a general rule the descendants of insured persons are liable to insanity, but he believed that man would live forever or could cure disease by the laying on of hands was not evidence of insanity. Guiteau interrupted that of himself.

"I had a nice Christmas, and hope everybody else had. I had a nice Christmas dinner, fruit, flowers, candies, plenty of lady visitors and gentlemen too—a very nice Christmas."

Dr. MacDonald, superintendent of the New York City Hospital for the Insane, Ward's Island, who testified that he had treated 6000 insane patients, a government expert, was the first witness.

He declared his qualifications as an expert, and defined insanity, in the orthodox way, "delirious, hallucinatory, and delusional." He said he had never seen a case of delusion which was calculated to have entered into a man so as to possess the mind and guide him. There were in his experience many cases where the expression of insane people came from the outside, through calumnies of the senses. Witness did not believe in hereditary insanity. As a general rule the descendants of insured persons are liable to insanity, but he believed that man would live forever or could cure disease by the laying on of hands was not evidence of insanity. Guiteau interrupted that of himself.

Two Kinds of Insanity

crank insanity and Abraham insanity, and he believed in the Abraham school.

Dr. MacDonald said that moral insanity and depravity were synonymous. The majority of physicians did not believe in moral insanity. He defined, as Corkill's request, monomania, emotional insanity, transitory insanity, partial insanity, and said he believed in none of them, except the last, which was of the moment, nor a disease of a part of the mind.

"Tell me about Abraham, doctor," said Guiteau.

The doctor paid no attention to the interruptions of Guiteau. Witness showed the difference between the actions of the sane and insane, proving that the actions of Guiteau were those of a sane man.

"Oh, you're talking about cranks," said Guiteau. "I would like your opinion on Abraham."

Dr. MacDonald described his careful examination of Guiteau in jail, November 13. For two hours Guiteau had spoken of the purpose of removing the president as his own conception, one against the other, and the desire of God that God would intervene, at the end of two weeks forming the deliberate purpose to shoot the president. Guiteau detailed all the circumstances, including the shooting and the cross-examination.

"The shooting was done in the name of God, and he believed he would be legally insane. He was asked by MacDonald whether he expected to spend the last few days of his life in an insane asylum, and replied:

"On; I've looked up the law on that point, too. I think, after remaining there a short time, I will go to commission to examine me. They will, of course, find me sane as can, and I will be discharged."

From examination in the jail and observation about the same Dr. MacDonald said that he perfectly understood the thought which had been playing a part in court. His conduct in jail was totally different from his conduct in court, save where he was bound over to the court, and over again that the removal was an act of God, when he assumed a certain tone and manner.

"I think," continued the witness, "that an insane person showing the excitement and making the statements this prisoner has made would not display the same method."

The Same Method

and the same judgment in the selection of the time for and the nature of these interruptions. The insane person would interrupt only when the cause came upon him, without any particular regard to the evidence being taken. I noticed that when the same came Dr. Spitzka's statement, "the same senseless to burst which were favorable to his case."

"I think," continued the witness, "that an insane person showing the excitement and making the statements this prisoner has made would not display the same method."

God and Christ are His Partners

should come in this court of justice and before this audience and proclaim it is preposterous."

"What do you know about it, you ass?" barked the assassin.

"If it was before the court, I would take it off," shouted Guiteau.

"The court has no access to the newspapers. He has had them continuously before him in court, but I have noticed he has often simply pretended to be reading them and has never really observed the news and the just over the top of the pages. He has shown a keen interest and appreciation of the progress of the trial, and I will not think an insane man would show such a keen interest and appreciation of the progress of the trial."

"How do you know that?" shouted Guiteau. "You pretend to be reading them, I assure you."

"He is not evidence," responded Porter, "what he believed the Redeemer of mankind to be his partner in the business, and when the learned counsel for the prisoner puts such a claim forward, he must be insane."

Judge Porter arose slowly from his seat, adjusted his eye-glasses carefully, and in his impressive tone and manner said: "There is no hypothesis even on the oath of the criminal himself."

"We have an extraordinary criminal here," said Guiteau.

"I am shocked the assassin. "He is more than you can manage, anyhow."

"We call for action," continued Corkill, "on the interest and violation of justice. The course of your honor in regard to the treatment of this prisoner has in my judgment been based on the desire of determining the real facts in the case."

"Then let it go on," cried Guiteau. "His honor is doing right."

"This man," continued Corkill, speaking solemnly, "has murdered the president of the nation. It is enough to make any man mad. It is an outrage on the court, jury and the American people."

Guiteau said the application did not call for

Such a Display of Feeling

on the part of the prosecution. "You shut up, I'm telling you," retorted Guiteau, "you are a jackass on this case."

"I am willing," continued Guiteau, "to submit the matter to the careful judgment of the court."

"I have," said the prisoner, "let up; but you, your theory is small. Your brain is too limited for the business."

"The time has come," said Corkill, "when we feel it is due to the prosecution to act in respect to the criminal, and when we shall be treated as the same as any man on trial."

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The cross-examination was discontinued, but nothing at 12:30 the recess was taken.

When Guiteau came again after recess he had with him a plaster cast of Guiteau's head, taken by Clark, and the witness was in attendance on the stand, but the prosecution objected to interrupting the regular course of the proceedings for this purpose. The court overruled the objection, and the distinguished gentleman who sat by the dock, and the assassin, were seated in the same place.

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THE POET'S COLUMN.

COIN HOME TODAY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

My business on the jury's done—the quibbling all is through. I've written the lawyers right and left, and given my verdict true.

I stuck a long time into my chair, I thought I would grow agin' me.

And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there again.

But to the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay.

I'm lost at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy since, from the first day I came down, it is an awkward game to play the gentleman in America's Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly sets;

But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow gall and frets.

I'd rather wear my homespun rig of peasant, salt and gray.

I'll lay it off in half a jiff when I get home to-day.

The morning that I came away we had a little heat; I coolly took my hat and left before the show was out.

For next I said I was caught whereat she ought to take offence;

And she was always quick at words and ready to come.

But then she's first to give up when she's had her say.

And she will meet me with a kiss when I go home to-day.

But not a good wife looks out, as well as any one—

As well as any woman could—to see that things are done for them.

For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,

She's a dear, kind when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores;

But nothing prospered so well when I get off.

And I will put things into shape when I get home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they'll fun to see him strut about and try to be a man;

The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever want to see.

And then they laugh because I think the child resembles me.

The little rogue! he goes for me, like robbers for their prey.

He'll turn my pockets inside out when I get home today.

IO VICTIS.

BY W. W. STORY.

Using the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life.

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-reckless strife;

No nation's cause is won in the visitors, from whom the resounding acclaim.

But the nation's cause is won in chorus, whose brows were the chisel of the sword;

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, those taken in the toils of life;

And those who failed, acting bravely a silent desparate part;

Whose bones lie in ashes in its branches, whose heart burned in ashes away.

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped, and then I laugh, because the thinks the child robust, meets his folks and hugs 'em all around.

But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may;

My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm going home today.

THE POSY.

BY W. W. STORY.

Using the hymn of the conqueror, who fell in the battle of life.

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FLOWERS IN WINTER.

BY W. W. STORY.

Using the hymn of the conqueror, who fell in the battle of life.

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My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm going home today.

comes before the leaf is grown, and as the plants can be forced but once, the foliage is of little consequence.

Cannabis sativa (center stem) grows in muddy and swampy places, and is really an aromatic plant, and being a tuber like the *Ricardia* (*Athiophytum* (*crommon calla*)), can be easily grown with suitable treatment.

Artemisia tridentata (jack-in-the-pulpit) forces itself, it can readily be found by its bunches of intense scarlet berries, and on taking away the old stalk the new will be ready to grow.

And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there again.

But to the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay.

I'm lost at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy since, from the first day I came down, it is an awkward game to play the gentleman in America's Sunday suit of mine on Sunday rightly sets;

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But not a good wife looks out, as well as any one—

As well as any woman could—to see that things are done for them.

For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,

She's a dear, kind when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores;

But nothing prospered so well when I get off.

And I will put things into shape when I get home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they'll fun to see him strut about and try to be a man;

The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever want to see.

And then they laugh because I think the child resembles me.

The little rogue! he goes for me, like robbers for their prey.

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Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and state.

Every notice of change of residence should give full address as present address, and both in full.

Every notice to discontinues should give the town and state to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense.

When postage stamps are sent they should not be registered.

Change of address and other correspondence should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 4220, Boston, Mass."

Sample copies are free.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BACK NUMBERS.

A large extra edition of each instalment of Oliver Optic's New Story will be printed, and in addition the stereotype plates will be preserved. Anyone subscribing during the months of January and February can receive all the back numbers upon application.

THE RECORD OF 1881.

The year which has just closed has been remarkable in many respects. Perhaps the most extraordinary changes are to be found in political and business circles. The last twelve months have also been marked by sensational events that have convulsed the country.

It is natural, in taking a retrospective view for the living, to first lament the decease of friends and relatives; and while this is being done in home circles, it is interesting yet painful to note the names on the necrological list, which recall to our minds the departure from public life of those who have wielded a decided influence in their respective spheres.

The importance of the Brazil trade to the United States can hardly be over-estimated, and the above extract indicates that we shall lose what we have already secured. To New England manufacturers especially is this important.

Instead of losing it altogether we could have secured a substantial increase with any reasonable facilities for transportation.

Already an agency has been established in Boston for the Canadian line, and it will be necessary to ship goods to Halifax to secure their transhipment to Rio de Janeiro.

The trouble with the line from New York to Brazil (which has been suspended) was that the boats

were too large and expensive.

As the bulk of the trade to Brazil from the United States is composed of manufactured goods from New England, there would appear to be a reasonable chance for successful business for a line of small steamers running direct from Boston. Such a line would secure the carrying of the masts of this country and would undoubtedly obtain from the government of Brazil a similar concession to the one granted the Canadian line. The success of the lines of vessels already established between Boston, Australia and South Africa is a fair evidence of what might be done by a little energy on the part of our merchants.

It seems unaccountable that while the manufacturers and merchants of New England are

enterprising in all other lines of activity and competition, they are so utterly blind to the necessity of quick, direct and cheap transportation.

Of what use is it to manufacture if the market is not reached, and reached on the same terms and conditions as our competitors.

Steamship line after steamship line is sus-

pended while our volume of marketable goods

is actually on the increase. Do our merchants believe that it is cheaper to pay a foreign com-

pany for carrying their goods than to carry them themselves? It would seem so.

amounts to \$60,000,000. Counting that it takes a second to light each match—and it cannot be done in less time than that—to light the 360,000,000 would take just that number of seconds. This gives 6,000,000 minutes, or 100,000 hours. In days of twenty-four hours each it figures up to 4166%, and gives eleven years and five months, with a couple of days extra, as the time occupied during every twenty-four hours by the people of North America—not figuring on the Mexicans—in striking matches. Figuring a little further, it gives 4150 years' time in each year.

IT WOULD BE AN EASY MATTER

TO REACH THE MARKETS.

The pioneer steamship of the new line between Canada and Brazil is expected to arrive at Halifax with a cargo of sugar and coffee. She will leave on her return trip to Rio early in January, with a general cargo of Canadian products and manufactures. A letter from Rio to an English journal says that, since the suspension of the American line to Brazil, the delays in the mails and uncertainty in receiving goods are doing considerable injury to American trade.—*Bradstreet's*.

The most prominent name on that list is universally acknowledged to be James A. Garfield, president of the United States, who was shot by Charles J. Guiteau on July 2, at Washington, and died on September 19, at Elberon, N. J.

Only a short time previous, March 13, Alexander II., Czar of all the Russias, was assassinated by five nihilists in the streets of St. Petersburg, and a month afterwards, April 15, his assassins were executed. Besides

these two lamented statesmen, the death-roll

contains the names of eminent men who are

already missed from various walks of life. These

include Sether, the actor, who died January 20; Thomas Carlyle, February 5; Hon. Fernando Wood, February 13; Senator Carpenter of Wisconsin, February 24; Sir George Colley, April 27; Edward Mall, M. P., April 20; Commodore Dewitt, the dwarf, May 25; M. Little, June 2; M. Vieuxtemps, June 6; M. Dufaure, the French statesman, June 27; Justice Clifford of the United States Supreme Court, July 25; General Leslie Coombs, August 22; General Burnside, September 13; Hon. E. R. Mudge, October 1; Hon. Henry F. Durant, October 2; Dr. J. G. Holland, October 12; and Hon. John W. Forney, December 9.

From a business point of view the year 1881

will be long remembered as trying to almost all branches of industry. In February the

United States is estimated at \$825,000,000, while the annual accumulation in Great

Britain is \$325,000,000; in France \$376,-

000,000 and in Germany only \$200,000,000.

Annual income reaches the highest averages in this country and Great Britain.—\$165.

In striking contrast with the burdens which

the poor people of this country have to bear in the way of taxation and dishonest public

officials is the fact that, as a nation, we are

growing rich at the rate of \$2,000,000 per day.

The annual increase of wealth in the

United States is estimated at \$825,000,000, while

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Britain is \$325,000,000; in France \$376,-

000,000 and in Germany only \$200,000,000.

Annual income reaches the highest averages in

this country and Great Britain.—\$165.

Two REMARKABLE EVENTS.

The record of the old year of 1881 was just

being closed when two remarkable events

were announced. One was given in a despatch from San Francisco, which stated that on the

29th of December Mrs. Cruse of Florence, Los Angeles county, California, very deliberately

and without any apparent malice aforethought

presented her husband with six perfectly formed female children. The intelligent

gentleman who caused this piece of news to be flashed over the wires as a sort of moral encouragement to the Middle and Eastern

States, remarked that "it is the most remarkable instance of the kind ever known in California." We should not be surprised if the medical annals of the country would show that it had hardly ever been equalled in any State.

The occurrence is certainly one which would

convince any number of Martin Chuzzelius

that this is indeed a remarkable country, and

it is simply an instance which goes to show

what progress America is making in all directions.

We have not the pleasure of a personal

acquaintance with Mrs. Cruse, but the event

shows her to be a woman of great courage and

of vast resources. In some States the sudden

arrival of six female children at one birth would

be viewed as a luxury or as a calamity, notably

in Massachusetts, where we have a

surplus now of 70,000 or 80,000 women.

California, on the contrary, has been short of

women ever since the men poured in there in

such vast numbers in '49, and we presume

Mrs. Cruse will be a public benefactor and

have a golden medal for her unique

success. In Massachusetts she might be regarded with suspicion as an enemy to her sex.

Nothing has caused more comment and

speculation than the political changes which

have occurred since last spring. The dead-

lock in the Senate is well remembered, and the

tumult which followed the resignation of

Conkling and Platt, May 16, equalized in

importance any political excitement that was ever

known in this country. The split in the

Republican party was painfully emphasized

when its chosen leader was prostrated by the

hand of an assassin. Vice-President Arthur's

accession to the chief magistracy on Septem-

ber 20, and the subsequent triumph of one

over the other, has been the most remarkable

political event of the year.

Strange occurrences have been frequent on

both continents, but none so remarkable as

the one in which a man was born with

two heads.

The latest invention, the dioscope, promises

to rival the telescope in one respect. The ap-

paratus consists of a small "objective" lens,

fixed in a position commanding the stage of

some theatre, and connected by an electric

wire with a diminutive white glass plate,

which may be framed and set in the panel of

a private drawing-room, however distant from

the play-house in question. Total darkness

having been obtained in the room furnished

BEAU GRAY;

OR,

GETTING HIS LIVING.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

(Copyrighted, 1881, by William T. Adams.)

IN WHICH BOWEN GRAY AND OTHERS ARE PRESENTED.

"Come, father, come home," pleaded Bowen Gray, a boy of twelve who was doing his best to keep an intoxicated man on his feet and induce him to move along.

"Tell you I don't want g'mome," growled the toper, as his knees doubled up under him, and he sank down on the sidewalk. "I've got business town'start."

Just then the man seemed to have business down on the pavement, rather than down town.

The dutiful son did his best to support the inebriate, and to get him on his feet again.

Bowen was a stout fellow for his age, but he was not quite equal to the burden laid upon him by the infirmity of his parent.

By this time a group of street arabs had gathered at the spot, and were determined to give a hand to their comrade.

One of them gave a handful of soft sand, which struck the crown of the unfortunate's hat, whereat they all roared with laughter.

Bowen shook the mud from the hat and restored it to the head of his father.

He had hardly done so before a young reprobate crept up behind him, and dropped a barrel-hoop over the drunken man's head.

The poor boy was suffering an agony of shame and mortification, but no indignation seemed to be roused in his nature.

He exerted all his strength to raise his father from his half-prone position, and with the help of the inebriate he succeeded in doing so.

The gamins appeared to be disappointed at this result.

One, older than the rest, came up behind the man, and seizing him by the back of his coat collar, attempted to pull him over backward; but Bowen contrived to hold his father up in spite of this assault.

"Come, father, come home," said the boy, in the tones of a tope, as he tugged at the limpsey form of his parent.

"Tell you, Beau, I don't want g'mome," repeated Captain Gray, for that was his name and that was his title, in spite of the fact that no tramp ever presented a more ragged, dirty and dilapidated appearance.

The arabs yelled with delight, for the toper seemed to be on their side, and to be entirely without friends or supporters, save his own scraggily suits.

They threw sticks, stones and mud at him; they darted up and whirled him round like an unsteady top; and finally one of them tangled him up with Bowen, so that both lay on the ground in spite of all Bowen's efforts to save him.

The poor boy was almost disconsolate, and he looked about him for assistance.

"Tell you, Beau, I don't want g'mome," repeated Captain Gray, as he lay upon the ground, with his hands behind his head, and the other boys were about to lay hold of him.

But the young gamins addressed did not like the form in which he was presented, and that beat ought to have been in every part of it at the same time, but he was not.

They were amiable, and they refrained from the

desire to survey the scene of their rout.

Even in the midst of the fight his face was full of good nature.

"What's it all about, Beau?" asked Billy, glancing from the toper to Bowen.

"It's all about me, Beau," said Billy, without answering the question put to him.

"Help me lift my father up, please," said Bowen.

"I can't stand up if it's Clouthout's fault," replied Captain Gray, as he made a ludicrous effort to

get up on his feet.

"The gamins' knees were very shaky, and the boys were still sturdy in stature to be anything

more than a wall for him to lean against on his feet.

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A PATRIOTIC DEED,

Performed Under the Deity's Own Direction.

How Guiteau Attempts to Justify Garfield's Assassination.

An Ingenious Plea for His Devilish Act of Murder.

WASHINGTON, December 28.—Guiteau's Christmas document, in which he makes an elaborate plea in defense of the assassination of Garfield, opens as follows:

CHRISTMAS GREETING, 1881.

Charles Guiteau.

Today is Christmas, and I greet the American people with a merry Christmas. Last Christmas I was in New York. I was boarding in a first class house and was finely dressed. I attended church and had a most pleasant day. Two years ago I was in Boston, but was not well fed or clothed. I was on the Poor. This is the most modest thing I have ever done.

I have been in Chicago in 1877 for theology.

I went into theology to serve the Lord and preach the gospel. I had about as much time to live in my studies as Paul did. I hungered and thirsted and was naked and had no certain dwelling place, but he preached the gospel as he understood it, although he had a home. Since he left the earth his work and name have come down the ages. Christ and Paul did their work and left the result with Almighty Father, and I am sure that the results of my labors will be as good.

In 1878 I was in very reduced circumstances.

I had been on theology a year. I had spent the year traveling, mostly in the East, trying to prove that the gospel is true. I made many lectures in Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago and other cities. I left the Lord but this work on me, and I did the best I could. I had no time to go to the Poor. This is the most modest thing I have ever done.

Today is Christmas, 1881. I am in Boston, with an enterprise and with merits that rank it among the best. Clubbed with THE WEEKLY GLOBE for only \$3.

II.

Guiteau's Lady's Book for January

is full of good and beautiful steel plate, illustrating the escape of the Countess Isabella from the castle of Schonwald, as told by Sir Walter Scott in "Quentin Durward," a double page design for a window curtain, in colors, the usual rich illustrations in dress for ladies, including the latest fashion, a complete novel by Mr. Churchill, entitled "Mock Jewels," and a goodly collection of shorter stories and miscellaneous original articles. It is a book that every one will take to his four grandchildren when they shall have arrived at the age of 25 years. One of the legatees has already arrived at that age, and will be 25 in April, and the other two are granddaughters aged respectively 5 and 10 months. The younger of these is a daughter of Commodore Perkins of the United States Navy. It is understood that William G. Weld is now possessed of property amounting to \$4,000,000. The reason of the delay in filing the will for probate was the desire of the testator to leave his estate to Boston and Newport to take the depositions of witnesses. The collateral inheritance tax on the estate of the deceased was not paid to the \$2700, but the testator will have cause to pay large sums as a tax on monies at interest. This tax is at the rate of four mills on the dollar per annum, and it is figured that some lawyers will be sure to get as much as \$200,000 from the estate on the claim. Of course, a great number of legal questions would arise, and it is not improbable that the Lady's Book would make a handsome holiday present to your friend. Any of our readers can be supplied promptly by leaving their order to us, and we will forward the book, and with an enterprise and with merits that rank it among the best. Clubbed with THE WEEKLY GLOBE for only \$3.

III.

INDIANA: A Love Story, By George Sand. With Illustrated Cover and Portraits of Characters in the Work. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents.

"Indiana" is a novel that takes a firm hold upon the reader from the start, never relaxing its fascination or continuing its interesting scenes.

It is a novel so full of action and excitement that it is utterly impossible to resist their hold and subtle spell.

Indiana, the unfortunate wife of an old nobleman, the recklessly gay girl who gave him the name of "Dame Fortune," the tyrant and the houses on Marlboro street in which they live.

William Gordon Weld and George Walker Weld are also

Beaqueathed \$500,000 Each.

The trustees are directed to hold the remainder of the estate after setting aside further bequests or gifts which may be made in trust for the use or benefit of the testator's wife, Sarah M. Pratt, widow of George L. Pratt, and to the testator's executors and trustees. By the provisions of the will, the testator directed to permit his wife to retain the use of the mansion house, No. 1 Arlington street, Boston, and the lands under and belonging to the same, and the furniture therein contained. The testator also directed that his executors be directed to set aside for the use of the wife, and the income, amounting to \$20,000, ordered to be paid to her.

An hundred thousand dollars are bequeathed to each of the daughters of the testator. An annuity of \$20,000 is bequeathed to each of the daughters of the testator—Sarah M. Pratt, widow of George L. Pratt, and to the testator's executors and trustees.

The testator directed that the sum be received by the trustees from the income of the estate is to be invested in lands or warehouses in the heart of the city of Boston or New York, or in real estate in New England or in the West.

Washington Market, to get something to eat.

Three young men, who were evidently on a street at table near him, and presently a dead and pale face, looking like a ghost, came up and paid the bill.

Raymond's love scene with Noun and Fiction, and the romance of the two in the island of Bouillon is startlingly picturesque.

A CROSS-FIRE OF VICTUALS.

A Newsdealer Peited with Poratoes in a Restaurant Returns the Voley.

Hony Rose, a newsdealer at West New York, answered Monday before Justice Schmidt and told the following story.

At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, December 11, being on his way to Printing House square for his usual supply of newspapers, he stopped in at a restaurant on Main Street, and Washington Market, to get something to eat.

Three young men, who were evidently on a street at table near him, and presently a dead and pale face, looking like a ghost, came up and paid the bill.

Raymond's love scene with Noun and Fiction, and the romance of the two in the island of Bouillon is startlingly picturesque.

Reverting to His Own History.

Guiteau says: My life has been rather a sad one. My mother died when I was 7. My father was a good man and an able one, but a fanatic in religion. Under his influence I got into the Oneida Community, and I left and remained six years. Three years after I got married, I was unfortunately married, and so continued four years. Soon after I was divorced I went to theology three years. My life in the Oneida Community was a misery, suffering all the trials of life, but was better than that of my parents. I always been a lover of the Lord, and whether I live one year or thirty I want to remove the Lord, who I served when I sought to remove the President, has taken care of me.

He complements Judge Cox and the jury, and "goes for" the prosecution sharply.

Attached to the Will are Five Codicils,

the first bearing date of January 31, 1874, in which he bequeaths to his sister, Margaret M. Weld, \$5000; to his brother, Anna Allen, \$20,000; to his nephew, John S. Weld, \$10,000; to his son, George W. Weld, \$10,000, and also bequeathes to him as trustee for the benefit of his sisters the sum of \$1000 each in cash or by income, to each of the children of his brother, Stephen Weld, of the sum of \$1000 each in cash or by income, to his son, Thomas Swan Weld, \$10,000; to the children of his brother, John S. Weld, \$10,000 each; and to each of the wives of his wife \$1000. After his death, unless otherwise provided in the will, the residue of his personal estate is to be invested in lands or warehouses in the heart of the city of Boston or New York, or in real estate in New England or in the West.

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the first bearing date of January 31, 1874, in which he bequeaths to his sister, Margaret M. Weld, \$5000; to his brother, Anna Allen, \$20,000;

to his nephew, John S. Weld, \$10,000; to his son, George W. Weld, \$10,000, and also bequeathes to him as trustee for the benefit of his sisters the sum of \$1000 each in cash or by income, to each of the children of his brother, Stephen Weld, of the sum of \$1000 each in cash or by income, to his son, Thomas Swan Weld, \$10,000; to the children of his brother, John S. Weld, \$10,000 each; and to each of the wives of his wife \$1000. After his death, unless otherwise provided in the will, the residue of his personal estate is to be invested in lands or warehouses in the heart of the city of Boston or New York, or in real estate in New England or in the West.

Washington Market, to get something to eat.

Three young men, who were evidently on a street at table near him, and presently a dead and pale face, looking like a ghost, came up and paid the bill.

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